

ask three times for warmth by iamleavingthisfandom

Series: [you know you only need to ask \[3\]](#)

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Fluff, M/M, and i'm definitely writing another one, but I had to get this out of my system, it's a winter reddie fic that no one asked for, this is just them being sweet there's very little plot

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-12-03

Updated: 2019-12-03

Packaged: 2019-12-18 03:38:59

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 667

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

He looks up at the tree as he waits.

The snow is falling slowly, in this picture-perfect motion where you can almost see each individual snowflake. It's New York, and while Richie hasn't had much experience with the Big Apple, he knows that in the morning the snow will turn into brown slush under everyone's feet, forming puddles all over the place and annoying everyone out of their minds.

ask three times for warmth

Author's Note:

what's up? it's snowing here and ya boi is feeling soft. I need affection. am I going to write more winter reddie fics? yes. I have ideas. am I going to write more for the Don't try this at home series? yes, I'm writing some stuff as we speak. am not sure how finals are going to affect it, but I have just about half of a new fic done and ready, so yeah.

A PSA: you don't need to read the rest of the series if you don't want to. These are just drabbles in a similar style, that's all.

He looks up at the tree as he waits.

The snow is falling slowly, in this picture-perfect motion where you can just about see each individual snowflake. It's New York, and while Richie hasn't had much experience with the Big Apple, he knows that in the morning the snow will turn into brown slush under everyone's feet, forming puddles all over the place and annoying everyone out of their minds.

But Central Park always looks different when covered in snow. He stays here, staring up at an undecorated tree. Going to the Rockefeller center seemed too touristy and too crowded, so here he is. Alone at half past one in the morning and waiting for a miracle.

He would feel pathetic, but he has too much hope for that.

He doesn't turn around when he hears snow creaking under someone's feet. Just keeps his hands in the pockets of his jacket that isn't very well-suited for New York weather, but he doesn't have much of an option.

The steps stop close to him, to his left.

“Took you long enough,” he exhales and a cloud of steam escapes his

lips with the words. He smiles softly, nonetheless. It took them long enough, indeed.

“Yeah, I'm sorry. There was a scene, it wasn't pretty.” Now they're both looking up at the tree, as if looking one way instead of at one another can spare them emotional intimacy.

“You could have texted. I would have helped.”

“I didn't really want to get you involved.” He reaches out with his ungloved hand and feels warm fingers grip his own. It's nice.

“So what now?”

“Now we go to my place and warm you up with a shower and some tea,” he chuckles. Eddie always tries to take care of him, not trusting him to do that for himself. He lets Richie take care of him, though, so Richie's not complaining.

“I do request hot chocolate and cuddles, though,” he hears a sweet laugh that makes up for the fact that his eyelashes are wet with melting snow now.

“Kiss me first and then we can do all that,” he finally turns to look at Eddie and is absolutely love-struck at his beautiful smile. He always knew Eddie was this beautiful creature, sweet and cute in an almost ethereal way, surreally kind, but also strong and brave in the most grounded way possible. He still can't believe he's allowed to be near him, let alone kiss him, but he will give Eddie anything that might make him happy.

So he leans down as Eddie tilts his head back a bit, and kisses a fallen snowflake off the lips in front of him. Eddie is nothing if not insistent, though, and he wordlessly demands more, tugging Richie's upper lip between his.

Richie will give him anything he wants, and he kisses him softly, moving their lips together in a languid rhythm. He wraps his arms around Eddie's middle and Eddie's hands are suddenly in his hair.

The kiss stays sweet, though, unrushed and gentle. When he pulls away, he can make out the shape of each frozen crystal in Eddie's

hair, but even all of them combined don't hold a candle to the smile Eddie gives him.

“Let's get home now.” Richie doesn't mention that it isn't technically home, doesn't mention that Eddie has been renting this apartment for all of two weeks, or that they don't live together yet. He just nods and steals one last kiss.

Eddie laughs again, his voice light and crisp as the snow all around them, ringing in the night like a sweet prelude to the holidays they agreed to spend with the rest of the group.

“Then we can see what to do about that shower. We might want to save water, be environmentally conscious,” there's a devilish glint in Eddie's eyes and with that, he turns around and tugs on Richie's hand to follow him.

And who is Richie to say no to that?

Author's Note:

gonna do a shameless plug of my tumblr, because I have started posting things there. It's going to be slow progress probably, and am a bit weird sometimes, so don't feel obligated. but talk to me if you want to, I don't bite unless you ask me to: iamleavingthisfandom.tumblr.com

Thanks for reading, you beautiful people!